THE BOMBARDMENT. On the 5th of January, at seven minutes after B in the afternoon, the first shell fell in Paris. sast from the fort of Vanves, and plunged into the street, exploding with frightful force. A moment later the ominous quaver of another hell was heard from the Porte Rouge. The hoge projectile seemed to hang above the rue d Tyres, growing larger and larger as it neared the street. Suddenly it exploded, sweeping the rooftops with a hall of iron fragmenta. wrecking chimneys and tiles, and showering the street with shattered slates.

An old woman ran shricking along the side-An old woman rad surressing along the side-walk, her gray hair dripping with blood. A can-honeer on the ramparts lay writhing beside the Prophet. The artillerymen recovered from their amazement and awang the great gun southwest. A clap of thunder shook the bastions, a white cloud, ever spreading, wrapped the Prophet. But again came the terrifying shrick of a shell, nearer, nearer—then the street trembled with its impact and the houses rocked and reeled to their foundations as the Prophet thundered its reply. nundered has reply.

The forts of the south were flaming and blaz-

ing from every embrasure; the batteries, the edoubts, the southern bastions of the fortifications were covered with smoke; but still into the city plunged the Prussian shells, blowing houses to ruins, setting fire to roofs, exploding n the streets, on the sidewalks, on bridges and quays, squares and boulevards, hurling death and destruction to the four quarters of the city. Three little children crossing the Rue Malaise were blown to atoms; a woman running for shelter to the Prince Murat barracks was disembowelled in the rue d'Ypres. A convent was struck repeatedly; two shells entered a hospital and tore the helpless wounded to shreds, another killed a poor American student in his from in the rue de Seine. Faster and faster came the shells; night added to the horror of the scene; the darkness was lighted with the flames of burning houses. The uprear of the forts, the scream and hiss of shells, the deafening explosions of the cannon nded in a tumult indescribably frightful. At moments, in the brief lulls of the uprosr. fron knelling of the toesin was heard, the fainter beeming of drums calling to arms, the distant rish of artillery, galloping pellmell to the bastions.

rue Serpente, Hilde and Tolette suched, half dead with terror. A shell had fallen at the corner of the street and had torn a cafe to pieces. Bourke had been away since barir noon, and Yolette's fright and anxiety for m drove Hilde to forget her own fear.

IIn that dark, narrow street, with its rows of dent houses, women and children, frantic, shricking, dishevelled, ran hither and thither to escape the shells. Some shouted, "The other side of the river! Save yourselves! Others ran back into the tall crumbling houses to cower on the worm-eaten stairs or crawl into the cellars.

"We must go to the cellar," repeated Hilde with white lips. "Yolette, everybody is going to the cellar." "I cannot—I will not stir until he comes back," whispered Yolette. "Go to the cellar if

Shell after shell, moaning, whistling, flew high overhead. The air hummed with the nuaver, the windows vibrated. There came a terrific report from the corner of the street; a house bulged outward, falling slowly smid the crash and crackle of wooden beams. A heap of plaster choked the street; some woodwork afire lighted up the mass of lime and bricks, under which something writhed feebly-a man

perhaps. Red Riding Hood knelt clinging to Hilde's akirt in an agony of fright. The child was still in her night gown, and her little limbs, num b ith cold, guivered. Somebody on the stairs cried out, "The roof

as on fire!" Another rushed screaming to the "Come!" murmured Hilde, "we cannot stay. Yolette-we shall be burned if we stay-0. come,

come! "Not to the cellar!" eried Yolette. "What are you doing-the house will burn over you!" They were on the stairs now, Hilde dragging the child by the hand. Yolette following and trying to make herself heard in the din. Don't go into the street!" she cried again

'We can't stay in the house!" panted Hilde, desperately.

'Go back! Go back!" shouted a crowd of soldiers, who came stampeding through the eet and poured into the house lars are safe. Go to the cellars!" They pushed past the doorway, motioning

Hilde to follow. She shrank against the doorpost, holding tight to Yolette and Red Riding Hood

The street outside was ruddy with the glare of burning houses; the shells streamed high overhead toward the Pantheon now, falling beyond the rue Serpente, some in the boulevard St. Michel, some on the Sorbonne, many on the Val de Grace and a few even in the river. The fire of the Prussian guns shifted capriciously; how the Montparnasse quarter was covered with projectiles, now the Luxembourg, now the Latin quarter. But always the shells streamed thickest toward the hospitals, the barracks, the churches, palaces and great pub-lic buildings.

barracks, the churches, palaces and great pub-lic buildings.

As the shells ceased falling in the rue Ser-pente, the people crept from the cellars, the soldiers of the Garde Mobile slunk off and a company of firemen came up on a run, drag-ging their hand machine. Bands of skulking yagrants provided through the street, half bold, half timid, peering into doorways, hanging about shell-wreeked houses, shoving, prying, insuiting women. liting women. stairs, but, evidently considering the shabby neuse not worth his attention, turned and stood hesitatingly in the full glare of a burning

glood hesitatingly in the full glare of a burning house.

"Mile. Hilde." whispered Red Riding Hood.
"Look! Look!" At the same moment the vagabond saw Hilde and shrank back against the wall. It was the Mouse. Hilde sprang to the shaky stairs and seized the Mouse by his ragged sleve. That startled young rufflan suffered himself to be dragged up the stairs and into the little apartment, now brightly illuminated by the flames from the burning house on the corner. tolette and Red Riding Hood followed.

Now." muttered Hilde, breathless, "tell me where he is? What have you done with him?" She stood before the Mouse with flashing eyes and little flats clenched, repeating harshly:

You swore to me that you would be with him, that you would keep him from harm! You slunk out of the house with that promise to me "and I let you go—! promised to say nothing to the others. What have you done with him?"

He's been shot, "gasped the Mouse, "he "Shot!" whispered Hilde.

to the others. What have you done with him? He's been shot," gasped the Mouse, "he was shot," whispered Hilde.

"Shot!" whispered Hilde.

"Be isn't dead," growled the Mouse. "I came to find M. Bourke, but when I went to the rue d'lyres you all had decamped."

Then, 'he continued, with a cringing geature. I started to lo & and quite by accident, mademoisele. I met some friends—but I was not stealing. 'he whined, glancing furfively avound, no indee! stole nothing, as the others the You will tell M. Bourke that! You will tell M. Bourke that I was going to tell rou." said the Mouse, submissively. I was going to tell mademoit the Nanterre fort-very sick since they out pilaging, tied is my witness. I have never stolen a pin."

igning God is my witness. I have not seen a pin, sen a pin, sen a pin, se looked obliquely at Yolette, snivelled a lithitohed his tattered trousers, and snifted, wice Hide strove to speak, but her colorless a scarcery moved. Yolette put one arm and her and turned to the Mouse, what message have you for M. Bourke?" asked. "Jid M. Harewood not send a message."

es," said the Mouse. "He wants to see him It was not until last night that those dammed Prussians gave me a change to leave the fort. We have been there since Le Bourget, when Monstenr was shot as he left the church. He did not add that he had half carried, half dragged Harewood across the Mollette under a freahed fissiliade from the Prussian pickets. He was a coward as cowards go; his very ferceity proved it, let he had instinctively clung to Harewood when a bullet through the log checked him sprawing; he had hauled him out of the Prussian fire, much as a panther hauls its roung from a control had been a bullet through the log fire frussian fire, much as a panther hauls

Harewood's life, although, like most criminals, he was a keen appreciator of the dramatic. Ro—what occupied the meagre brain of the Mouse was the fear that Bourke might return and learn from Hilde and tolette that he, the Mouse, had been locting.

He looked sideways at Yolette, who was leading Hilde to the bedroom. He listened stupidly to the paroxysms of grief when Hilde flung herself on the bed. That was all very confusing, but what would Bourke say? He looked down at his blackened hands, at the bludgeon atill gripped in one bleeding flst, evidences of his share in the riotous night's work.

Hell I'm going to save my skin!" he blurted out, and at the same moment he saw Red Riding Hood staring at him from the sofa.

"What are you making eyes at—hein?" he demanded, sullenly. "Perhaps you are going to say I was pillaring houses!"

The child, seized with a flt of shivering, cowered against the wall, drawing her feet in under her nightdress.

The Mouse regarded her flercely, twirling his bludgeon between his blackened fingers. Then, apparently satisfied that she was too terrified to understand, he pulled his cap over his sightless eye, put the bludgeon in his pocket and started toward the door. Before he went out he hesitated. The sight of the frightened child seemed to exercise a certain fasoination for him. He looked back, trowning, just to see whether it would frighten her a little more. It did; but, strangely enough, her fear gave him no gratification.

"Say, you brat, do I scare you?" he asked curiously.

"Yes," whispered the child. A curious sense.

"Say, you brat, up I shall. A curious sensa-curiously." Yes," whispered the child. A curious sensa-tion, an unaccustomed thrill, something that had never come over him before, sent the blood tingling in the Mouse's large ears. He peered at the child narrowly.
"Don't look like that," he said, "for I ain't coing to hurt you."

"Don't look like that," he said, "for I ain's going to hurt you."
The child was silent.
"You're cold," said the Mouse, awkwardly.
"Go to bed."
"I'm afraid," she whispered.
"Of me?" asked the Mouse, with a strange sinking of the heart.
"Yes; and the shells."
"Til knock the head off any rig of a Prussian who harms you," said the Mouse, waving his club. "You never mind the shells; they won't hurt you. Now are you afraid of me, little one?"
"No, sighed the child. Aglow of pleasure

little one?"

No," sighed the child. A glow of pleasure suffused the Mouse's ears again. Then he felt ashamed, then he looked at the child, then he wondered why he should take pleasure in telling the little thing not to be afraid. For a while they contemplated each other in silence; then the child said: "When you were in the rue d'Ypres I used to make you split wood. Do you semember?"

remember?"
"Yes." said the Mouse, much gratified.
"And you were afraid of the lion," pursued
Red Riding Hood.
"Humph." muttered the Mouse, "I am afraid

Red Riding Hood.

"Humph." muttered the Mouse, "I am afraid yet."

The child laughed—such a sad, thin little laugh. The Mouse, to please her, made a grimace and winked with his sightless eye.

Will you stay with us now? asked the child.

The innocent question completely upset the Mouse; the idea that he was wanted anywhere, the sensation of protecting anything was so new, so utterly astonishing that even his habitual suspicion was carried away in the overwhelming novelty of the proposition.

Red Riding Hood rose from the sofa, went to the bed and climbed in, then turned gravely to the Mouse.

"Don't let anything harm us," she said. Good night."

For a long time the Mouse stood and stared at the pale little face on the pillow. There were blue circles under the closed eyes; the clustering black hair cast shadows over the hollow temples. The exhaustion from hunger, fatigue and fright brought sleep to tired lids. Even when Yolette and Hilde came in the child did not wake.

"I'm going to stay," said the Mouse sullenly. not wake.
"I'm going to stay," said the Mouse sullenly.
"If the shells come the little girl will be fright-

ened."
As he spoke he furtively felt for some pur-loined sliver forks that filled one pocket, found them still there, glanced maliciously at Yolette and coughed gently.
"Where is the Nanterre fort?" asked Hilde, faintly.

"Where is the Nanterre fort" asked Hilde, faintly.

The Mouse explained in a weird whisper, apparently much relieved that nobody offered to examine his pockets.

"Is he all alone?" said Hilde.

"Graefous! There's not much society in the casemates," observed the Mouse—"no, nor many surgeons to spare. I'm going back to him to-merrow." He said it indifferently; he might have added that he was going at the risk of his life, but risks were too common at that time to occupy the attention of even such a coward as the Mouse. Wherever he went there were shells and bullets and bayonets now, and it mattered little whether they were French or Prussian.

it mattered little whether they were French or Prussian.

He boldly rattled the silver forks in his pocket, leered, pulled his cap lower, for the reflection of the flames annoyed him, and said: War's war, ladies.

At the same moment hurried steps sounded on the landling. Yolette opened the door and Bourke entered.

When he saw Yolette and Hilde he could not speak at first.

Bourke entered.

When he saw Yolette and Hilde he could not speak at first.

"Don't, don't," sobbed Yolette; "we are all safe—all of us. It was you that I feared for. Oh, if you knew. if you knew."

"I was in the rue d'Ypres," stammered Bourke. "The shells rained on the ramparta, and I ran to the Prince Murat Barracks. I never dreamed they were shelling this part of the city until somebody said the Luxembourg had been struck. Then I came. Yolette, look at me! Good God, what a fool I was!"

She clung around his neck, smiling and weeping, telling him she should never again let him go away. Hilde was silent. The Mouse fidgeted by the door. The child slept.

Then Hilde spoke of Harowood, of his message sent by the Mouse, Yolette cried out that she could not let Cecil go away again, and Bourke, devoured by anxiety, questioned the Mouse until that young bandit's mind was a hopeless chaos.

"You can't ask him to go, Hilde," implored

hopeless chaos.

"You can't ask him to so, Hilde," implored her sister. "Oh, how can you ask Cecil to go to the forts, when you know what they are doing out there? I can't let him so—I cannot with the next escort," said Bourke gravely. "If he is,

out there? I can't let him go—I cannot!"

"If Jim is not in danger, I can go out with the next escort," said Bourke gravely. "If he is, then I must go at once."

The Mouse was vague; he didn't know what might happen since they cut out the bullet. His habitual distrust of doctors, of selence in all its branches, made it plain to Bourke that there was nothing accurate to be learned from him.

The Mouse lingered a minute or two, watching the sleeping child in the bed. Bourke told him he might go and he went as a dismissed dog goes, apologetically, half resentful, half conciliatory, clutching the forks in his pocket with dirty fingers. Hide turned and went into her room, closing the door behind her.

"I must sleep with the child," said Yolette; "she wakes in the night and trembles so I almost fear she may die of fright. Cecil, is there any danger now from the shells?"

I don't know," he said. "I will lie down in the kitchen. If they bombard the quarter again we must go to the ceilar. To-morrow I am going to take you and Hilde and Red Riding Hood to the American Minister's. And, my darling, before we go, you must marry me."

"Marry—now!" faltered Yolette.

"Otherwise the American Minister cannot protect you. If you are my wife he is bound to do so. I can't stand this sort of thing; the city has gone distracted, nobody is safe outside an ambassy. The Prussians must respect our flag, dear, and anarchists and kindred ruffians dare not enter the cmbassy. Shall I tell you what has happened in the Rue d'Ypres? A gang of communists. cuthroats and thieves have broken open our house and are carousing in the cellar with our red wine. Stauffer, Mortier and Buckhurst are there, and they will do us mischief if they have a chance."

He went up to her and drew her head down to his shoulder.

"Will you marry me to-morrow, Yolette?" he asked, "so that I can leave you safe at the embassy and go to my friend?"

Tes, she whispered, then threw both arms about him in a passion of tenderness and fear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNDERGROUND AFFAIR. When the Mouse left the Rue Serpente the bombardment had shifted to the southern forts, and the southeast secteurs of the fortifications were covered with exploding shells. As he siunk across the city he could hear the fracas of the distant bombardment, and he gave the danger zone wide berth. His mind was preceupled by two problems—how to conceal his silver forks and how to get back to the Nanterre fort.

silver forks and how to get back to the Nanterie fort.

The second problem could wait till morning, the first needed serious study. He already possessed one burrow. It was in the cellar of the house in the rue d'Ypres. For, while doing menial service for Bourke, and Harewood, he had managed to abstract booty from neighboring windows—a spoon bere, a silk handkerchief there—nothing much, but still a modest little heap of plundor, which he had concealed in the cellar of the house on the ramparts. Therefore, his first instinct led him back to the rue d'Ypres, where, if the cachette in the cellar remained undisturbed, he could further avail himself of it by depositing the forks with the rest of the loot. nimself of the loot.
"Thrift," muttered the Mouse, "can not be "Thrift," muttered the Mouse, in this world too early acquired. One must live in this world

too early acquired.

Thrift, muttered the Mouse, can not be too early acquired. One must live in this world of bandits!

As he crossed the boulevard Montparnasse he saw that the railroad station was on fire. For a moment he hesitated—there might be fine pickings yonder—but prudence prevailed, and he shambled on, scanning the passersby with crafty face half averted, bludgeon swinging, cap over one eye, the incernation of communism militant. Affrighted citizens gave him room, turned and looked after him as though in him they saw the symbol of all that was secret and dreadful in the city—the embodied shape of anarchy—the ominous prophet of revolution.

He passed on, swaggering when prudent, cringing when the sentries of the guard, pacing the devastated streets, halted to look after him anterns raised. At such moments he cursed them as loud as he dared; sometimes, when far enough away, he would insult them with gestures and epithets, gratifying to his vanity because of the slight risk such amusement entelled. He rattled the forks in his pocket as he walked; once or twice he broke into songered verse or two dosone sentimental hardere ditty that attracted him because. like criminals of his type, he adored sentiment—in song. He thought of Hareword, lying in the casemates of the Santerre fort. Would he live of ong from sourced has a panther haus to say that he man if he had saved have to say that he had saved had been as a panther haus to say that human minds could degerel verse or twice he broke into so dogerel verse or twice he broke in his pocket walked. He rattled the forks in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke in his pocket walked: once or twice he broke into so dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke into salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the salve in the dogerel verse or twice he broke in the salve in the s

die? His wound had turned so bed that the surgeons began to look at him in that musing way that even the dying understand.

The Mouse acratched his ear; dead or alive he must find his way back to Harewood; for the necessity that he felt for Harewood's company left him restless as a lost our.

He thought often of Red Riding Hood. She was so small and thin and so atraid of him that he wondered why he thought of her at all. In his burrow he had burled an infaur's sliver own. This he decided to present to Red Riding Hood when he could do so without fear of aspersions on his honesty. He chuckled as he thought how it would please that child—she would look at him with those big eyes—she would perhaps smile—what a droll young one! And so he came to the house on the ramparts in the rue of Ypres.

The cellar of the house was reached from the

smile—what a droll young one! And so he came to the house on the ramparts in the rue of Ypres.

The cellar of the house was reached from the garden through a flight of stone steps. The heavy slab that closed the manhole had no padlock.

The Mouse, on his hands and knees, groped about in the dark, stumbling among dead weeds and broken cucumber frames, puffing and cursing, until, without any warning, he aimost fell into the manhole itself. Startled, alert, he crouched breathless by the slab on the grass. Somebody had removed it: somebody then was in the cellar!

Stealthily he crawled into the manhole and descended the first three steps. His worn shoes made no noise; he crept three steps further.

At the end of the cellar, in the full light of a lantern on the floor, sat three men. Two of them wore the uniforms of officers of the carbineers; the third was in civilian dress. Their voices were indistinct, but their features were not, and the Mouse fairly bristled as he recognized them. They were Stauffer, Mortier, and Buckhurst.

The first thought of the Mouse was instinctively personal. They had come to rob him of his plunder! It was that, rather than curiosity that led him to creep toward them, nearer, nearer, wriggle behind a burrel, and crawled close that, with outstretched arm, he could have stabbed Mortier—if Mortier had been alone.

Buckhurst, pale-faced, calm, bent his color-

alone.

Buckhurst, pale-faced, calm, bent his color-less eyes on Mortier, and spoke in the passion-less voice that always struck a chill to the Mouse's marrow:

less voice that always struck a chill to the Mouse's marrow:

"M. Mortier, you misunderstand me, I am not in this city for my health, nor am I here to preach the commune. There is but one thing I am looking for—money—and I don't care how I get it or where I get it. Prussian thalers or French francs it's all one to me."

Mortier raised his hideous head and fixed his green eyes on the bloodless face before him.

"One minute," said Buckhurst, "then I've finished. Not to waste words, the situation is this: Capt. Stauffer has arranged to open the Nanterre fort to the Prussians; I have agreed to run a tunnel from this cellar under the street to the bastion where the Prophet is—I think it's bastion No 73. Powder exploded in the tunnel opens a breach in the ramparts directly behind the Nanterre fort. Do you comprehend?"

He paused a moment, then added: "For this with the said of the said o

the tunnel opens a breach in the ramparts directly behind the Nanterre fort. Do you comprehend?"

He paused a moment, then added: "For this we divide 500,000 thalers."

Stauffer began to speak eagerly, his weak face lighting up as he proceeded.

"It was Speyer's plan; he had it in view before war was declared last July. He and I lodged in this house and planned it all outern to excavating the tunnel to bastion No. 73—d—n the man who knocked him on the head! But we can do it alone—all we want of you is to help with the tunnel. It will be worth your while—really it will!"

Mortier's eyes seemed to grow incandescent: the great voins swelled out on his bald domeshaped head, his throat, under the red flannel rags, moved convulsively.

As he spoke he rose. Buckhurst, with the easy grace of a panther, rose too. Stauffer imbered to his feet and began to speak again, but Mortier sileneed him and turned on Buckhurst like a wild beast.

"I refuse!" he shouted. "I am an Anarchist, not a traitor! I kill, I destroy, I burn, I murder if necessary; but I will not betray—no, not for all the thalers in the kingdom of Prussla!"

His eyes glittered with the light of insanity. His misshapen hands menaced Buckhurst.

"Judns!" he shrieked. "The commune shall rise and live to judge you! Cursed son of a free people! Renegade! Thief!"

There was a flash, a report, and Mortier clapped his hands to his face, which the blood

"Judas!" he shrieked. "The commune shall rise and live to judge you! Cursed son of a free people! Renegade! Thief!"

There was a flash, a report, and Mortier clapped his hands to his face, which the blood suddenly covered. The next moment he was at Buckhurst's throat, bore him down, twined him eloger in his long, misshapen arms and flastened his teeth in his throat, and Buckhurst shot him again and again through the body. They swayed and fell together, the deadly light died in Buckhurst's glazing eyes. After a minute neither moved again.

Stauffer had gone, fleeing like one distracted, when the Mouse crawled out into the lantern light and agzed down at the dead.

Presently he picked up the lantern, grubbed a hole in the ground, deposited his forks with the rest of his booty, rose, glanced at the dead again, and picked up the lantern. He spat on the ground-for Buckhurst had tricked him once—so he insulted the corpse with a contemptuous gesture, and went out, swinging his lantern and sneering.

"Give up the Nanterre fort, eh?" he repeated, mimicking Stauffer's effeminate voice: "O, my sister! O, la, la! You'll settle with me, master janitor—bye bye!"

The Prophet was firing as he left the city by the Porte Rouge: he looked up at the great cannon and mocked it: "Ah! boum! boum! O, la, la! O. Lord!—How lunny war is, anyway!"

CHAPTER XXVIII THE NIGHT OF ATONEMENT.

THE NIGHT OF ATONEMENT.

That right, the zone of bombardment having been shifted far to the southwest. Bourke went to the American legation. It was 11 o'clock when he returned, thoroughly discouraged. He had seen the Minister, but that official could do nothing to protect Yolette and Hilde against the shell fire. There was no room at the legation. It was not even certain that the embassy itself would be safe, although the Minister, in some heat, denounced those responsible for the bombardment, and promised to protest against the destruction of foreign consulates and embassies. So Bourke came back to the Rue Serpente, worried and anxious, for it was not possible for him to go to the Nanters fort and leave Yolette and Hilds alone, without the protection of responsible people. He and Yolette sat up late into the night discussing the situation. Hilde lay on the bed, listening, perhaps, but she offered no suggestions. About midnight Red Riding Hood awoke, sobbing from hunger, and Yolette comforted the child, saying good-night to Bourke, and kissing her sister tenderly.

"Listen, Hilde," she sald. "Cecli is going to the Nanterre fort, so you must not be so sad, my darling. Look up at me, little sister. I am not selfish and heartless, after all. Cecli must go."

"I will go as soon as you and Hilde are in

go."
"I will go as soon as you and Hilde are in on the bed and forbade him to go." It is enough that one life is in danger." she said. "Your place is here, with Yolette. You can do nothing for him. He is in the Casemates and under medical attendance. What could you do?"

do?"
"I shall go when I see you and Tolette secure." repeated Bourke.
"Becure? How?" asked Hilde, bitterly.
"Your legation has no room for us; and do you think M. Bismarck will order his cannoners to respect any part of the city? The people in the street say that convents and hospitals have been struck repeatedly. Have the Prussians not sent their shells into the crowded streets of the poor?"

stans not sent their shells into the crowded streets of the poor?"

It was the first time that Yolette had ever heard Hilde speak with bitterness. Bourke, too, looked at her sharply, wondering at the change in the gentle, reserved girl he had

too, looked at her sharply, wondering at the change in the gentle, reserved girl he had known.

"No," continued Hilde rapidly, "no! no! no! the Prussians spare neither young nor old, man nor woman! You cannot go, Cecil; Yolette needs you now if ever."

She rose, putting her arms around Yolette, saying, "Dearest, he must not go to the Nanterre fort. It is wrong for him to leave you; it is wrong for him to expose his life." "Confound it!" said Bourke helplessly, "I'd go to him if it were at the south pole, but I can't leave Yolette in danger; my skin is no longer my own to risk."

"Nor was his." said Hilde gravely; and she went into her own room and closed the door.

The night was bitter cold: the frost covered the window panes with mosslike tracery, silvered by, a pale radiance from without. And Hilde, opening the window, looked off over the dark city and saw the midnight heavens blazing with stars. Her cheeks were burning now the ley air seemed grateful. After a little she closed the window, fearing the cold might harm the others. But there was a short ladder in the hallway, leading to the scuttle, and she found it and climbed up and out onto the roof. Her hot cheeks and aching eyes grew no cooler in the freezing wind. She even threw back her shawl and bared her white throat.

"The heavens were respleadent: the tremendous sky-vault, far reaching, fathomless, was dusted with myrlads of stars, among which, deep set, the splendig planets sparkled, and the gigantic constellations traced their signs in area and angles and gem-set circles that spanned the diamond-showered heavens from horizon to horizon.

Spire on spire the city towered, domed, batternested magnifectur in the starkleds.

gigantic constellations traced their signs in ares and angles and gem-set circles that spanned the diamond-showered heavens from horizon to horizon.

Spire on spire the city towered, domed, battlemented, magnificent in the starlight—the benutiful, shral city, whose lacelike spires and and stender pinnacles rose from squares and streets where men lay dying by the score from lack of bread. There was starlight on the bridges, on the grays, on the carved facades of palaces, on the strange towers of St. Sulpice.

The jewelled spire of the St. Chapelle, the silvery dome of the Invalides, the grotesque gothic tower of St. Jacques loomed distinctly from the endless mass of house and palace, monument and church. In the cast an enormous bulk detached itself against the sky—the Fantheon! In the north the stupendous twin towers of Notre Dame dominated the shadow shapes of roof and chimney. And through the world of shade and shadowy slihouette wound the star-tinted, ghostly river—a plannon tide spanned by a score of fairy bridges, impalpable, vague, ghostly as their own reflections in the frozen, ice-bound stream.

And now, far beyond the walls, Hilde could see the forts. The tiny finahes ran from east to west, then south, then back again, a running chain of sparks. The cannon's solid thunder rolled and surged majestically, wave after wave, hirmonolous, interminable. On the heights of Meudon, Clamart, and Chatilion the flicker of the Prussian guns ran parallel to the flashes from the forts of the south and west; their shells were falling on the Foint du Jour.

Hilde could see the bright reflections of fires in the flicker of the Prussian guns ran parallel to the flashes from the forts of the south and west; their shells were falling on the Foint du Jour.

along the frozen river, the red smoke, the nearer blasts from the great guns on the ramparts. Overhead raced the shells, streaming by with kindling wakes of sparks dropping and fading one by one. Then, from Mont Valerien the rockets towered to the zenith, and dritted and faded while the Polat du Jour answered, rocket on rocket, and the bastions reschoed with the double thunder of the shotted guns. Could that be real war? This Venetion fets of colered fires, rockets, illuminations, dull reports? Hark! The jar of a great from bell came quavering over the city. The faint rattle of drums broke out across the river—the toesin and the alarm! Hidle did not hear them. She was talking to herself, under her breath, counting the forts on her slender fingers, issy, Vanves, Mont Valerien, St. Denis. O, then there must lie the Nanterre fort—there where the darkness is shot with streak after streak of fiame! At last she knew.

The fort was slient now, but within her breast a voice spoke. And she listened, leaning from the iron railing. She knew that God's justice was passing—the kirch the first strough the heavens above the city—the fair city, brought low in shame. For the night of atonement was at hand.

To be concluded,

NOTES ON SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

As illustrating the triumphs of modern science in the construction of instruments of precision, the Scientific American instances a chronograph for re-cording infinitesimal intervals of time, such as a millionth of a second or less, which is stated to have been used to record autographically the compression by a blow of a cylindrical piece of copper. In one case a thirty-three pound weight fell fifteen inches and produced a permanent compression of 0.1658 inch in a copper cylinder, the time consumed in pro ducing this compression being 0.0030317 of a second. The machine produces by means of photog raphy a curve showing the precise progress of this compression. The chronograph which reaches such remarkable results consists of a rotating cylinder, with a surface velocity of 100 feet a second, on which is photographed a pencil of light, which is passed through a hole in the end of a rapidly vibrating tun ing fork. The delicacy of this instrument is far greater than that of the ordinary tuning fork chronoraph recording on a surface blackened by amoke. There seems to be no doubt that the tunnelling of

the Simplon Pass, over the Alps into Italy, by the Swiss Government, will be the next great engineering project to be accomplished in Europe. The new tun-nel will be longer by nearly four miles than the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard, though in the opinion and not so difficult, and the work is likely to con sume only six or seven years. Already a railway has been carried to Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon Pass, and thence, according to the plan as laid out, the tunnel will follow the windings of the present road, ending near the Italian border, but still on Swiss territory. There the work of construct is expected@will be most difficult, taxing largely the resources of engineering skill, now, of course, much greater and more varied than when the existing tunnels were built. In the case of former tunnels, as is well known, compressed air was freely used for driving power, and now electricity is to be added electricity generated on the spot by the abundant An interesting method of applying the electro

nickel process to wood is described in Le Génie Civil. t is necessary to coat it previously with a thin layer of metal, and the following three solutions are to be prepared, namely: In ten grams of carbon sulphide, one and a half grams of caoutchous is dissolved, adding four grains of melted wax, and in another flask is contained a mixture of five grams of phosphorus, sixty of carbon sulphide, five of oil of turpentine, with four of asphalt powder, this solution being added to the first one while stirring; there is also to be prepared a mixture of two grams of aliver nitrate in aix hundred grams of water likewise one of 10 grams of gold chloride in 600 of water. The material to be nickelled, to which troduced into the first solution and the whole dried on taking out. The second solution is next poured over it until the surface has assumed a dark metallic appearance, afterward being rinsed off with water tion. Through this preliminary treatment the wood attains a yellowish color and is ready for nickelling. The bath consists of 500 grams of nickel ammonium mlphate, 50 of ammonium sulphate, and 10 litres of rater—the liquid to be neutral, which is to be attained, if necessary, by adding ammonium chloride until litmus paper is very slightly reddened.

From measurements of the mean parallaxes of the stars Beta, Gamma, Epsilon, and Zeta, in the Great Bear-five of the seven stars which form the Great Dipper-astronomers now obtain values so small as to indicate that the system formed by these stars is separated from the earth by such a distance that it is no random assertion to say that 200 years must be required for the light to reach us. The distance of Beta and Zeta is found to be at least four million times sun, and from calculations made by M. Hoffier the star Epsilon of this group is calculated to be forty times brighter than Sirius. A few years ago Prof. Pickering of the Harvard College observatory de-duced from spectroscopic observations of the star Eta Urss Majoris-Mizar, the middle star in the handle of the Dipper—that its distance is about 150 light years, an estimate with which these later deerminations of the distances of the other Dipper

man Railroad Union, published in the Railway Gasette, for important inventions and improvements in railroad construction, machinery and management. The range of matters indicated by the union includes improvements in the construction of locomotive boil-ers, especially such as, without increasing weight maerially, secure the most complete consumption of amoke possible, economy in fuel, the prevention of sparks, and the reduction of the cost of maintenance; an arrangement by which the coupling of cars with automatic American couplers and those with the standard couplers of the times may be made without danger; weighing apparatus by which separate cars while moving, or loosely coupled cars of a whole train, may be weighed with sufficient accuracy; also some means of protecting a train that has come to a stop, or is threatened with delays in bad weather and at night, which will work better than the track torpedoes and the hand signals of track and train men. The time limit for the prince is the middle of July, 1809, and an important condition in all cases is that the invention, or method, must be introduced on some railroad in the Railroad Union pefore application is made to compete, and its application must be supported by the railroad trying it.

Referring to the many ingentous and interesting theories which have been advanced regarding the theories which have been advanced regarding the generation and origin of natural gas—accounting, too, for the great pressures under which it is stored— a writer in Causier's Magasins argues that the dis-tribution and intimate relation of the carbon com-pounds all favor the theory of their generation by the decomposition of vegetable and mineral organic matter under widely different variations and surroundings of temperature, pressure, and other forces and chemical influences, from the earliest developments of organic life to the present tiffie: the gas is, according to such condi-tions, the product probably of slow primary decom-position, at low temperatures, of animal and vege-table substances contained in natural sediments, as may be seen, for example, in the shallow, undisturbed portions of fresh-water lakes; further, the deposits of oil and gas in the peculiar geological formations from which they are being drawn for commercial uses are due to the accidental disposi-tion of the anticlinals and synclinals which act as reservoirs, and do not necessarily indicate the restriction of their generation to any particular geo-logical periods. The richly productive gas pool is a dome or inverted trough of porous or coarse-grained sand or limestone geologically called an anticline, covered by impervious shale or similar formation. French chemists have for some time past been ex-

perimenting with a new explosive called promethôe, invented by T. Jowler, which, according to the Resus Technique, possesses some remarkable properties peculiarly its own. The solid portion is made up of 56 per cent, potash, 20 per cent, manganese dioxide and 24 per cent, ferric oxide; this is triturated, mixed in a mill and filled into cartridges, a permeable cartridge being employed to facilitate the penetra tion of the oil, the latter consisting of 50 per cent. of petroleum and 10 per cent. oil of bitter almonds. This prepared liquid—which is not applied to the cartridges until just before use—is stored in metal flasks holding about one-tenth of a gallon; 2.2 pounds of the explosive contains 1.65 pounds of cartridge contents and .55 pounds of the oil, this quantity being sufficient to impregnate the cartridge. Before being steeped in the off the cartridges are non-inflammable and nonexplosive, even by shock from steel plates; are un affected by frost, moisture, or sudden changes in the surrounding medium, and do not undergo any change during storage. The off is not readily inflammable least as great me that of dynamite—also that it is directed in the Ene of greatest resistance, and acts with equal efficiency in dense rock, light fissured

WIDDLES GOT A KITTEN. AND "DEFIL LOOSE IN MY KITCHEY!

> Remarks by a Carpenter and a Furnace Man Made in Statistical Form-Original Search for the Kitten by Widdles's Mother-Lively Subsequent Searches.

Widdles said he wanted a cat. When he said t everybody at the table pretended not to have Big Annie made undignified haste for the kitchen door. From the other side of the door came a wheezy shout of laughter. Widdles looked at the door in dignified surprise Everybody about the table began to talk very fast about Christmas and the chances for snow By and by they harked back to clothes and whether Uncle Daniel had any right to leave all his money to one child. Annie came back and stood behind Mrs. Leslie. Widdles turned and looked over the high back of his chair straight into her eye. Annie's black face became as wood. Her upper lip lengthened marvellously, Widdles smiled to himself and turned back.
"I said." he remarked with startling dis-

tinctness, "I want a cat!"
"Fo' Gawd, Mis' Leslie," exclaimed Annie, 'I ain't said a word." Stricken with horror at her own spontaneous admission of unintentional guilt, she fled again from the room. Widdlea's aunt talked Christmas again, but his

mother shook her head despairingly. "It's no use," she said. "You may have When may—" Widdles began.

"I will get one for you to-morrow, my son,"

she said, "if you will not say anything more Widdles rubbed his brow with his forefinger thoughtfully, just as his father always did when it came to making the decision that a coachman who was good to his horses ought not to be discharged for drinking hard once a

month. "All right!" said Widdles. "Yes'm!" "As I was saying," said Mrs. Leslie, "if any-body but Maria had Uncle Daniel's money—" and the talk around the table went on as it had begun. Widdles did not join in the conversa-

"What are you thinking about, Widdles?" asked his aunt.
"I was wondering," he said, "whether anybody would ever give me a-a-thing with claws-Crabs have claws, don't they, mother?an' whiskers an' a tail, that's so big and yellow an' black an' brave that it can lick the stuffin'

out of a bull terrier pup five months old." "Gracious!" said his aunt, while Widdles and his father and mother laughed loud and long. When Widdles was out of the way that night, deeping the sleep of the intricately unjust, there was a serious consultation between the two people who were responsible for him and

his doings. "I tell you, my dear," said Mr. Leslie, "that since we are committed to the cat we had bet-ter get a good cat, a cat that is worth having around the house. We can get a first-rate, well-behaved Angora cat for \$20, I suppose. I

think it's worth while."
"It's the watch question over again," said Widdles's mother. "I said to give him a nickel watch, and you were for giving him a gold watch. We gave him the nickel watch and he smashed it in three hours—just as he would smash a cat."

"Just as he would smash a common cat, my dear. He wouldn't smash a gold watch or a cat of high degree. But I'll leave it to you." Mrs. Leslie decided for a cheap cat. No one who has suddenly decided, without a particular lot of kittens in view, to procure an every-day common kitten, knows just how hard it is to find. Mrs. Leslie thought that she would see ome kittens somewhere on her way to market in the morning. But she did not. The butcher had a box of kittens behind the counter the week before, but they had all gone to the place where most kittens go. The grocer's cat was a tomcat, she learned for the first time, and she retired from its presence with a queer feeling of embarrassment. The delivery boy overheard her conversation with the grocer and suggested that he knew "a feller who went to school with a Swampoodle kid who had a lot of kittens with their eyes just open." She begged the delivery boy of the grocer and bribed him to go with her to hunt down those kittens. She found them along toward sundown, and a

She found them along toward sundown, and a scrawny, unkempt lot they were. She picked out the one that fought hardest when she put her hand among them. She put it in the basket she had brought along for the purpose and took it home. Widdles was waiting for her. He was at the door all bundled up in his red pajamas before she was fairly inside.

"Let me see it, please," he demanded.

"How do you know she has it?" asked his aunt from the library door.

"Cause," said Widdles, with a side glance of scorn, "she said she would get one. Thank you," and he took it out of the basket in both his fat hands and looked it over while it twisted and bit and scratched.

"I think," he said, eyeing its struggles critically and levelling a suspicious glance at her. "you must have hurt its feelings."
Of course he wanted to take it to bed with him. He almost decided that his own feelings were hurt when this plan was overruled. Instead he laid it back in the basket and handed the basket to his mother, saying solemnly:
"Take it and remember—I hold you responsible."
Once he was in health for

"Take it and remember—I hold you responsible."

Once he was in bed the family went to the kitchen and set the stranger down before a saucer of milk. It scurried, spitting, for the darkest corner. They hauled it forth and dabbed its nose in the milk. It scurried away again as soon as they let it go. They all went out and peaked through a crack of the door and saw it crawl up to the saucer and begin to sniff and sneeze over the milk.

"Let's leave it there," said Widdles's mother. They did.

Bright and early the next morning Annie knocked at Mrs. Leslie's door, and Mrs. Leslie handed the sliver box out to her.

"Mis' Leslie!"

Widdles's mother was so surprised by the tone that she almost dropped the box.

"Devil loose in my kitchen!" said Annie, solemnly.

"What do you mean, Annie?" asked her mistress.

"No me", no less! Devil in my kitchen.

tress.
"No mo', no less! Devil in my kitchen. Some kind er devil cat or I dono what. Don't wanter know."
Why, Annie," said Mrs. Leslie, laughing,
"it's only Widdles's kitten. You really frightened me. You aren't afraid of a kitten, are

"it's only Widdles's kitten. You really frightened me. You aren't afraid of a kitten, are you?"

"Tell you ain't no kitten. Ain't I done looked? Ain't nothing in the world but devil. No'm, and I ain't going in there till it gets good and well out. Deed, Mis Lealle, I ain't."

She kept her word and sat on the front stairs until the entire family had preceded her into the kitchen.

Paint heart-broken wails for help were audible from the kitton, but there was no kitten in sight. They moved the coal hods into the middle of the room and upset everything in the closets and peered into the oven and under the grate in the stove. The cries did not cease. They increased in number and in their quality of wofulness. After each suggestion was fruitlessly acted upon would come a sullenly triumphant assertion from the kitchen stairs.

"Ain't no cat. Less'n it's devil cat!"

"I begin to believe you are right, Annie." said Mr. Leslle, running a bucket out from under the sink for the third time. He dropped on his hands and knees.

"It's touder over hero," he said.

From the sink three pipes ran down through the kitchen floor. The hole in the floor was an inch wider than it need have been. He put his finger in the crack.

"Effirmian!" said a very feeble cat voice.

"The poor little thing!" said Widdles's mother and aunt.

"The ungrateful. wall-eyed beast!" said Widdles's father.

"Devil any way!" said Annie. "Nobody but

"The ungrateful, wall-eyed beast?" said Widdlea's father.
"Devil anyway!" said Annie. "Nobody but devil going to elimb down that hole."
"How are you going to get it out?" asked Widdles.

"How are you going to get it out?" asked Widdles.

It took just half a day for a carpenter and his assistant to answer Widdles's question finally. They had to take up a strip of the kitchen floor running clear across the room and two feet wide.

Widdles kept the cat in the nursery until bedding. He invented the game of building a castle of blocks around it with one hand, while he pinned it to the floor with the other. After walling it up he retired to the end of the room, and in eestatic expectancy waited developments, which he seemed to find rather more satisfactory than did the cat. He also attempted to teach the kitten to sleep in a night-gown made of one of his father's handkerchiefs. That night at dinner his mother told his father that she did wish she had thought of k-1-t-e-n-s long ago, and she knew, she said, that if this one never saw the light of another day it would go straight to heaven for its benefits to her in the last twenty-four hours.

"Only," said Widdles, when she finished, "kitty isn't going to die."

"I just want to say one thing," said Annie, when the question of bestowing the cat for that night was brought forward. "He don't stay in no kitchen of mine. I mean that. Deed I do, much as I thinks of you al."

So they put it in the cellar.

"Mis' Leale," said Annie the next morning. "William he say tell you be sin't going to de."

nothing with that furnace till Mr. Lealie done come down and tell him what to do with that cat. He say he sin't hired to wait on no cat. Horses is plenty for him. He aright too. Hear me talkin," and she rumbled away down the

Horses is plenty for him. He's right, too. Hear
me talkin," and she rumbled away down the
stairs.

The surnece free went out and two men from
the names factory worked until twilight before
they got the eat out of the cibow of the hot air
pipe into which it had elimited.

They put it in the spare room for the third
night. They shut all the windows, and furnished it with some milk and with a shallow
basket of rags to sieep in, and congratulated
themselves that they had at last learned how to
take care of a lonely, helpless kitten.

Widdles was the herald of trouble this time.

Mamma, "he inquired, whispering gently in
her ear before she was half awake, "what did
you do with my kitty?"

Widdles's father burst out laughing from the
other side of the room, bounced out of bed and
took the young man by the arm and led him to
the spare room. The room was a wrock. The
lace bedspread was tied in a dirty, tora knot in
one corner. The dovlies from the dresser were
all over the floor. The glass clock was in fragments on the hearth, Widdles was thehe his
father helplessly march around the room and
went for his mother. She dressed and made
Mr. Lesslie dress. The rest of the household
gathered. They stopped guessing every few
minutes and joined in silent listening.

"I'm afraid the cat has really gone," said
Mrs. Lesslie.

"Praise the good Lord!" shouted Annie.

"I'd rather not any what I fee!" said Mr.

"I'd rather not any what I fee!" said Mr.

minutes and joined in sijent listening.

"I'm afraid the cat has really gone," said Mrs. Lesile.

"Praise the good Lord!" shouted Annie.

"I'd rather not say what I feel." said Mr. Lesile, with his eye on the amished clock.

"Why don't you look up the chimney?" asked Widdles.

His father put his head as nearly into the top of the fireplace as he could.

"He's up there," he said, when he pulled himself out. "But goodness knows where. I can hear him, but I can't see anything but sky."

"Maybe he's gone to heaven." said Widdles, "or else," he added cheerfully. "the roof."

They went to the scuttle and looked out on the snow-covered roof. A miserable, sopping wet kitten greeted their appearance with penitent gasps and came floundering down to them, and was a respectable, well-regulated cat for the rest of its nine lives.

But this is the account Mr. Leelle made out and sent to Mrs. Leelle across the table that night at dinner:

To one bribe to greeer's boy.

25 To purchase of one kitten.

26 To car fares (estimate).

50 To carpenter's bill.

To probable doctor's bill for colds (no furnace heat Tuesday).

50 OT

LONDON'S PETTICOAT LANE. A Strange Market That Occupies a Squar Mile in the Big City. From the Providence Journal, London Letter.

Petticoat lane beats any place of the sort I ver saw for size and swarming humanity, and for the reflection or demonstration of the extreme poverty of a multitudinous population. It is not a slum so much as it is the rendezvous and market or exchange of all the slums. It is an outdoor second-hand shop of mind-bewildering immensity. It covers a square mile of Lonlon just off Bishopsgate street, in "the city." and monopolizes a score of streets within that area. It exists only on Sunday, and completely blots out of notice the petty tradesmen rho do business in those streets on the other days of the week. It is Phil May's happiest stamping ground to which he resorts for types of the coster, the fakir, the few Hebrews who are not at the top of high society over here, and for the Bill Sykeses, and flower girls and street creatures of all the lower orders. It is the place where the Jews of London are the merchants and the very poor are their customers, where theatrical plunging careers like that of Barney Barnato are often begun.

Many cities in Europe have Sunday secondhand fairs of this sort. That at the Central Halls in Paris is well known, and there is a big one in St. Petersburg, excellently housed in a sort of double areade in which the Jews do business lightly all the week and heavily on the first day. The best and biggest and dirtiest and most peculiar exchange of the sort that I ever saw, however, until last Sunday in London, is the "Louse Market" of Moscow. Not a pretty name, yet one that must be written because it is true, famous, and eminently descriptive. This market is also perennial, but is at its best on Sundays in the summer. It is held beside the walls, on their inner side, and is such a ragbag and omnium gatherum of a place that one may buy there either costly jewelry and diamonds or bits of broken clocks or furs or worn-out boots or beautiful church ornaments or the sifted emptyings of ash barrels. Very polite folks call it the "thieves market." but I notice all such places are so called all over the world, also that the people who sell goods in them like to be considered as having stolen what they offer, to beget the idea that they can sell their wares for less than they are worth, because they paid nothing for them.

As I turned out of Bishopsgate street around the famous barroom known as "Dirty Dick's." I saw before me the outer edge of the vast swarm of people pressed side to side between the venders along the curbs-for the poor cannot be choosers, and make no complaint at having to trade in the streets, so long as they can get a great deal of the necessaries of life for a very little of their money. Along the principal street of the district, which has no Petticoat lane, yet is all known by that name, the goods on sale were mainly old clothes, in single coats or pairs of trousers or in complete suits. Some were in fairly good condition, others were stained or shiny or patched, and all were should tably second hand, and, I thought, were the cast-off raiment of people who had themselves been far from well off. Those clothes were displayed on boards set up on wooden horses, or else on flat-topped push carts, some of them covered with awnings or canopies. sort of double areade in which the Jews do business lightly all the week and heavily on the

Some "very in fairly good condition, colored when the selected and all were the cast-off rainest of people when had themely the cast-off rainest of people when had been a cast-off rainest off people when had the cast-off rainest people when had been a cast-off rainest people wh

A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY GUARAN-TEES PEACEFUL MORNINGS.

Operates by Keyboard Connection with Wonderful Mechanism on the Roofs-Day of Street Hawker and Fakir at an End-One Set of Machines Ready for Use. The Cooperative Quietus Society in an upper

street in New York is now organized and will

be equipped as soon as artisans can complete the machinery.

Time, patience, experiments, and some money have been necessary to prepare the so-ciety for its work. Neither the names of the officers of the society nor its locality can be given in this article for reasons that must appear to people who are favorably disposed oward good order. It is confidently asserted, however, by one of the officers, who talked guardedly about the organization, that after ts work shall have been done, the originators of the plan will have a conspicuous tablet in the

emple of immortals. The organization's membership, work and apparatus are at present confined to two blocks. Each member is supplied with a mechanism which operates on the same principle as that used by engineers in charge of electric mines. The several plants are on the roofs of the houses in the blocks which are opposite. Each plant has its own power, which operates in a different manner from that of the others.

The officer of the society who exhibited some of the plants to a Sun reporter refused to enter into details, but he said enough to give a skeleton idea of their nature.

This plant, as you see, is called Flora Pretty name for a machine that has more kicking power than a Santiago mule! It is a shocker, the dynamic force of which can be increased according to the infraction in the street, or the condition of the member who has a Flora keyboard in his room. These wires, which are now coiled on spools, unroll with the rapidity of lightning when the proper key is touched, and run out to the object to be attacked. You notice the range finder. A very delicate but cocksure instrument. But why Flora? I am coming to that. One of the nui-sances of our street, and I dare say others, is the man who sells flowers and plants, the greenhouse-on-wheels man. Of course every person of

taste and refinement loves flowers and plants,
"They beautify many a flat and apartment which otherwise would drive occupants to a madhouse or a beer saloon. But our society holds that a man or woman who wants such

which otherwise would drive occupants to a madhouse or a beer salcon. But our society holds that a man or woman who wants such things should order them so that they could be delivered the same as your steaks, up the chute. These men who hawk flowers and plants are the mildest mannered and softest tongued of the street fakirs. A man who sells flowers and plants for a livelihood is not a bad fellow at heart, and there is hope for him. But our society cannot afford to play any favorites.

"Now suppose you occupy a room in the apartment across the street. You may not object to flowers, but you don't want to have your morning slumber invaded by a hawker, though he hawketh ever so lullably. You reach over to your keyboard when you hear him hawk and press the key marked Flora. It connects with the plant here similarly marked. The spools unreel, out fly the wires, the range having been found; over falls the hawker, senseless, of course, and, by a bit of secret arrangement, which I cannot give away, the current caroms on the flowers and plants and withers them, petal and root. It does seem cruel to kill such tender things and leave the hawker live. But it is better that one cartload of roses and geraniums and orchids, &c., should be shocked to death than that one man who needs sleep in the morning should be disturbed.

"One application of Flora on a flower hawker will settle the flower business in any street, or we remove your switchboard and refund you your money, or give you a gun, as you prefer.

"On this roof"—they had crossed to the building adjoining—"is a plant labeled Puralyzer, It is suggestive. It has a range finder and a tube. The tube is filled with a solution which goes to the human tongue. Won't touch any other part of the body. The Paralyzer puts a quietus on the chap who stands in the middle of the, street and yells, 'Cash for ole clo'es." If a man is so unfortunate as a to have old clothes he knows what to do with them without being aroused from his morning sleep by a hawker, who would not give one cent

what he has, as well as your own condition. You can give any degree of affliction you like. Each cylinder has its own punishment, if you will allow the word. One throws belling water; another, eggs; another, spirits of assafetids; another, wormwood, and so on.

"You know best when you are aroused in the morning by a hawker who has berries, whatever may be in season, potacoes, or any vegetable, or watermelon, what he needs. You know best what will make you happy. Find the button, open up the connection, and you will very soon understand what Tennyson meant by the sound of a voice that was still. If you should mistake and press the wrong key or button, don't worry. Each one is warranted to turn a cylinder in this machine which will give entire satisfaction. or we pay your fruit bill for the season.

"It is believed that the key marked Coroner will be the most popular. It connects with the cylinder of the same label, and when that cylinder of the same label, and when that cylinder furns once the man who has hawked berries or potatoes is lifted and whirled to a slab in the morgue. The turn also cleans the street in front of your house. The use of this machine comes high, but we guarantee perpetual peace. We first thought of making this cylinder an annihilator. But the Coroner, who is a stockholder in the company, objected.

"Now, of course this is like everything new. Improvements will suggest themselves as nulsances increase. This is our first year, and we are scarcely under headway. But by next summer we expect to have branches in every street in the city, and in most of the cities of the country. We are here to stay. To establish peace. To give rest. To prolong life. No connection with any other concern.

That, "was the answer, "is the Wafter, In nearly every house is a young woman or man, either a member of the family or a visitor. Some of these young people think they have yoices. Music soothes the savage treast! But suppose you are not a savage; and suppose there is no music! Mayhap your tympana are defective